

A  
GENUINE COLLECTION  
OF ALL THE  
NEW SONGS,  
BALLADS,  
CANTATAS AND CHORUSSES,  
NOW SINGING AT  
VAUX-HALL GARDEN.

1766.

---

---

*Mirth admit me of thy crew.*

MILTON.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, in Pater-Noster-Row.

[Price One Shilling.]

GENUINE COLLECTION  
OF ALL THE  
NEW SONGS

BALADS  
CANTATS AND CHORUSES

HOW SINGING AT

42

Vaux-Hall Garden

33



Milton

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. Newman, in Paternoster-Row.

[Price One Shilling.]

# I N D E X.

## *Miss BRENT's Songs.*

T'OTHER day as I sat in the sycamore Shade. P. 1	
Why <i>Damon</i> , wilt thou strive in vain ?	33
From <i>Latmos</i> mount, whence sacred groves depend,	44

## *Mrs. WEICHSSELL's Songs.*

Come <i>Colin</i> , pride of rural swains,	3
Gentle <i>Damon</i> cease to woo me,	6
Why <i>Colin</i> must your <i>Laura</i> mourn,	7
Ah ! Why should love with tyrant sway ?	9
By my sighs you may discover,	11
Now gay <i>Summer's</i> ripen'd bloom,	12
Cruel <i>Strephon</i> will you leave me,	13

## *Miss WRIGHT's Songs.*

Ye fair be advis'd by a friend,	14
Why should we of humble state,	32
The winter its desolate train,	36
Kingcup, daffodil and rose,	37
In April when primroses paint the sweet plain,	38
Gay <i>Laura</i> who once was a blithe happy maid,	43

*Mr.*

# I N D E X:

## *Mr. VERNON's Songs,*

Sure never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me !	Pag.	4
Far northward as the <i>Dane</i> extends his sway,		8
Ere <i>Phæbus</i> shall peep on the fresh budding flow'r,		10
Last week in the grove,	_____	16
By the sky-lark awak'd to the sweets of the morn,		18
Begone, dull care, without delay,	_____	20
In days of yore when on the plain,	_____	22
Let misers hug their darling store,	_____	24
Like a wood-nymph in form, and <i>Diana</i> in mind,		26
Ye ladies who drive from the smoak of the town,		28
As <i>Jockey</i> was trudging the meadows so gay,	_____	30
The gentle swan with graceful pride,	_____	34
Breathe soft ye winds, be calm ye skies,	_____	40
Around the fair attending,	_____	<i>ib.</i>
Young <i>Arabella</i> mamma's care,	_____	41
Since Pleasure's in fashion and life but a jest,		45

## C H O R U S S E S.

Come Cheerfulness ! triumphant fair !	_____	47
Silver vested bright and gay,	_____	49
Sound the merry pipe and drum.	_____	51



V A U X - H A L L  
S O N G S. 1766.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

A BALLAD.

*Sung by Miss Brent. Set by Dr. Arne.*

I.

**T**'OTHER day as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,  
Young *Damon* came whistling along,  
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!  
And my Heart caper'd up to my tongue.  
Silly heart, I cry'd fie! What a flutter is here!  
Young *Damon* designs you no ill;  
The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,  
Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

B

Sly

## II.

Sly *Damon* drew near, and knelt down at my feet,  
 One kiss he demanded——No more!  
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,  
 I could not begrudge him a score.  
 My lambkins I've kiss'd and no change ever found,  
 Many times as we play'd on the hill:  
 But *Damon's* dear lips made my heart gallop round,  
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

## III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade,  
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;  
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,  
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.  
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,  
 My heart may rebound if it will;  
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

## THE INVITATION.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.*

## I.

**C**OME *Colin* pride of rural swains,  
 O come and bless thy native plains;  
 The daisies spring the beeches bud,  
 The songsters warble in the wood.

## II.

Come *Colin*, haste, O haste away,  
 Your smiles will make the village gay;  
 When you return, the vernal breeze,  
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

## III.

Oh! come and see the violets spring,  
 The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;  
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,  
 O haste! and make us happy here.

## THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

## A BALLAD.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.*

## I.

SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,  
 From morning till night I could never be free;  
 The charms of young *Phillis* so ran in my head,  
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

## II.

Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,  
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;  
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,  
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

## III.

I found all the offers I made her of love,  
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;  
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,  
 And boldly resolv'd, or to conquer, or die.

'Twas

## IV.

'Twas spread round the village, I courted young  
*Prue*,  
 And *Phillis* had left her own schemes to pursue ;  
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more kind,  
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

## V.

I catch'd the occasion and sent for a priest,  
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best ;  
 From hence learn ye virgins, be blest if you can,  
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

RON.



## R O N D E A U.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Barthelemon.*

**G**ENTLE *Damon* cease to woo me,  
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,  
 Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,  
 Nor can change my constant heart.  
 Young *Philander's* gen'rous passion,  
 Taught me first soft inclination,  
 Never shall your sly persuasion,  
 Make me act a treach'rous part.  
 Gentle *Damon*, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,  
 Such perfidious arts disdaining,  
 Let bright honour once more reigning,  
 To your soul its rays impart.  
 Gentle *Damon*, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Potter.*

I.

**W**HY *Colin*, must your *Laura* mourn,  
Or longer wait your wish'd return?  
O quickly come, and bring with thee,  
Glad joy to all, but love for me.

II.

No more the tenants of the grove,  
In concert tune their tales of love.  
And nature ceases to be gay,  
Whene'er my shepherd keeps away.

III.

No longer fly the peaceful shade,  
But haste to meet your constant maid;  
O quickly come and bring with thee,  
Glad joy to all, but love for me.

THE PETITION ANSWERED.  
A CANTATA.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

**F**AR northward as the *Dane* extends his sway,  
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray;  
Beneath the thicket of a shady grove,  
*Cleonicus*, petitioned thus to *Jove*.

A I R.

Where *Jove* shall I a fair one find,  
With ev'ry beauty grac'd,  
To please a fond desiring mind,  
And suit an am'rous taste.

RECITATIVE.

Indulgent *Jove*, the swains petition heard!  
And thus in strains harmonious answer made.

A I R.

## A I R.

If you would with beauty meet,  
 Love desiring, sparkling wit;  
 To *Britain's* happy isle remove,  
*The seat of beauty and of love.*

---

## S O N G.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.*

**A**H! Why should love with tyrant sway,  
 Oppress each youthful Heart?  
 Must all his rigid laws obey,  
 And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,  
 To break the slavish chain;  
 The potent God disdains it all,  
 And triumphs in our pain.

c

S O N G.

## S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.*

## I.

**E**RE *Phæbus* shall peep on the fresh budding  
flow'r,

Or blue-bells are rob'd of their dew ;  
Sleep on my *Maria* while I deck the bow'r,  
To make it more worthy of you.

## II.

There roses and jes'mine each other shall greet,  
And mingle to copy thy hue ;  
The lilly to match with thy bosom so sweet,  
How faint its resemblance of you.

## III.

With sweets of thy breath, the hedge vi'let shall vie,  
But weakly, and pay it its due ;  
The thorn shall be rob'd of the sloe for thine eye,  
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The



The leaves of *the sensitive plant* must declare,  
 The truth of my well-belov'd she;  
 Whose hands if to touch it, bold shepherds shou'd  
 dare,  
 Would shrink from all others but me.

---

## S O N G.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Bach.*

**B**Y my sighs you may discover,  
 What soft wishes touch my heart;  
 Eyes can speak and tell the lover,  
 What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing,  
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove,  
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,  
 When we truly, fondly love.

## S U M M E R.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Potter.*

## I.

NOW gay *Summer's* ripen'd bloom,  
 Frolicks where the winter frown'd,  
 Stretch'd upon the banks of *Broom*,  
 We command the prospect round.  
 Nature in the prospect yields,  
 Humble dales, and mountains bold;  
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths and fields,  
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

## II.

Linnets on the crouded sprays  
 Chorus——And the woodlarks rise,  
 Soaring with a song of praise,  
 Till their warblings reach the skies:  
 Painted gardens, grotts and groves,  
 Intermingling shade with light;  
 Lengthened vistas, green alcoves,  
 Join to give the soul delight.

R O N D E A U.

## R O N D E A U.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichfel. Set by Mr. Bach.*

**C**RUEL *Strephon* will you leave me?  
 Will you prove yourself forsworn?  
 Can ah! can you thus deceive me!  
 Can you treat my love with scorn?

O behold your *Chloe* pleading,  
 Turn and see your once-lov'd maid;  
 Let soft pity interceding,  
 Ease a heart your vows betray'd.  
*Cruel Strephon, &c.*

Must I hopeless pine and languish,  
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain;  
 See he triumphs in my anguish,  
 See he glories in my pain!  
*Cruel Strephon, &c.*

ADVICE

## ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

## I.

YE fair be advis'd by a friend,  
 Whose counsel proceeds from the heart,  
 On Beauty no longer depend,  
 Or fly to the efforts of art;  
 If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,  
 Let virtue each action approve,  
 Her charms the fond bosom alarms,  
 And softens the soul into love.

## II.

To-day be not nice as a bride,  
 To-morrow untimely severe;  
 Let prudence and truth be your guide,  
 Nor caprice or folly appear:  
 Unless you thus govern your mind,  
 And banish deceit from your breast,  
 Too soon by experience you'll find,  
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected

## III.

Neglected you'll wither and fade,  
 Till beauty, by age shall decay ;  
 Then lonely retreat to the Shade,  
 And mourn the sad hours away :  
 How desp'rate will then be your fate,  
 How great your sad loss to deplore ;  
 Repentance alas ! is too late,  
 When the power to charm is no more.

BALLAD,



BALLAD.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.*

I.

LAST week in the grove,  
I met with my love,  
Who hastily bid me be gone;  
I ask'd for a kiss,  
She took it amiss,  
Her answer was, "*let me alone.*"

II.

Fye, fye *Phyllis* fye,  
What makes you so shy,  
I answer'd in passionate tone;  
But still she reply'd,  
" You must be deny'd,  
" So leave me and *let me alone.*"

" I know

## III.

" I know that you men,  
 " Are false nine in ten,  
 " I never reflected till now ;  
 " No longer pursue,  
 " But cease to subdue,  
 " You shall not deceive me I vow."

## IV.

I told her for life,  
 I'd make her my wife,  
 And swear to be true o'er and o'er ;  
 That I'd virtue and youth,  
 Love, honour and truth,  
 And what could she wish to have more.

## V.

" If that's your intent,  
 " I give my consent,"  
 She cry'd, " to the priest let's be gone."  
 I led her away,  
 She's happy and gay,  
 Nor longer cries, *let me alone.*

D

BALLAD.

B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.*

I.

**B**Y the sky-lark awak'd to the sweets of the morn,  
From the bud of the rose to the blossoming thorn;  
Thro' the copses, the meadows, the vallies I stray,  
And all nature looks warmly to welcome the May.

II.

All, all except *Jane*, the fair plague of my heart,  
Insensible she! both to nature and art;  
In vain chaunt the warblers of ev'ry green spray,  
For each month is as welcome to *Jenny* as May.

III.

In vain of the softer ideas I preach,  
In vain would I lessons of harmony teach;  
She heeds nor thrush, linnet, or nightingale's lay,  
For each month is as welcome to *Jenny* as May.

## IV.

In vain do the shepherds, and milk-maids advance,  
 In vain is the song, the pipe, tabor and dance;  
 In vain are the fields all enamell'd and gay,  
 For each month is as welcome to *Jenny* as May.

## V.

What pity a gem of such lustre should be,  
 Encrusted by pride, to so vile a degree;  
 O Love! let her feel what I suffer one day,  
 Ere she finds it too late for to welcome the May.

LOVE AND WINE.

A CANTATA.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

**B**E GONE dull Care! without delay,  
To gloomy defarts, haste away.

A I R.

Hither haste ye fons of pleasure,  
Joy here knows nor bound nor measure;  
Banish Care, and drouzy thinking,  
Now's the reign of love and drinking;  
Care and sorrow's toil and trouble,  
And the world an empty bubble.

RECITATIVE.



## RECITATIVE,

While thus the *Jolly God* invites,  
 The neighb'ring swains to his delights ;  
*Cupid*, receives the gath'ring throng,  
 And as they nimble haste along,  
*Bacchus*, again resumes his song.

## A I R.

'Tis wine and women life employ,  
 Wine and women are our joy ;  
 We're hither sent to drink and love,  
 These are the blessings from above.

THE

## THE FAIRY.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.*

## I.

**I**N days of yore, when on the plain,  
 Queen *Mab*, with all her fairy train,  
 In sportive gambols took delight,  
 By *Cynthia's* borrow'd silver light,  
 If e'er our grandames did amiss,  
 The punishment, ye fair, was this.

## II.

Was Lady *Mary* ever known,  
 To toy with *Celadon* alone;  
 Did avarice her bosom fill,  
 With passion strong for dear quadrille;  
 Or did her heart for dancing beat,  
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If

## III.

If once too small her ruff she wore,  
 Her petticoat too short before ;  
 Or if to catch the gazer's sight,  
 She us'd the arts, of red and white ;  
 The little spiteful pigmy crew,  
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue,

## IV.

But far more happy days we fix,  
 The *British* dames of *Sixty-six*,  
 Are not afraid of rigid elves,  
 They know no guardians but themselves ;  
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,  
 Here me, nor think the lesson rude.

## V.

Since present times are just as bad,  
 And ev'ry one is pleasure mad ;  
 This method I should think the best,  
 To keep a fairy in your breast,  
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,  
 But when you chance to go too far.

BALLAD.

B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.*

I.

**L**ET misers hug their darling store,  
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,  
I'm richer with a shilling;  
It brings me out to chearful air,  
To meet my lovely cruel fair,  
Oh! that she was but *willing*.

II.

To make her such I point to groves,  
And bid her mark the heart-sick doves,  
How sweetly they are billing;  
But all in vain (as yet) my art,  
For oh! I feel across my heart,  
Love's god his poison *spilling*.

III.

'The streams which flow like my sad eye,  
Will leave at last their channels dry,  
Unless the springs are filling;  
And softest rain, on hardest stone,  
Will wear (tho' drops fall one by one,)  
A hole by constant *drilling*.

IV.

But O! my springs will ne'er again,  
Replenish, but with fresher pain,  
Her frowns are still so killing;  
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,  
Tho' constant drops bedew my verse,  
From eyes, like limbeck's *stilling*.

V.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,  
*How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,*  
While neighbour's grist was milling;  
But all was vain, if you must know,  
So I resolv'd to let her go,  
Because she was not *willing*.

E

BALLAD.



## B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.*

## I.

LIKE a wood-nymph in form, and *Diana* in mind,  
To rural delights, lovely *Daphne* inclin'd ;  
Sequester'd from man, from the gay and polite,  
Groves, fountains and meadows, could only invite :  
How strange that a virgin so modell'd for love,  
Should thus frown averse, and its joys disapprove,  
*And vow she would never be married.*

## II.

When *Sol* drove his chariot, thro' morn's golden gate,  
Or when clad in purple, the sun sat in state ;  
With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,  
And looking a goddess, trace nature's vast skill ;  
By innocence guarded, contented and free,  
Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we,  
*That never, that never were married !*

But

## III.

But once as the charmer her pleasure began,  
 A *Satyr* in mind, tho' in form he was man,  
 Surpriz'd her alone—and began to be rude,  
 Till *Strepbon* advanc'd, and the monster subdu'd;  
 Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,  
 And she said to herself—(but the hint was from love)  
*Metbinks I could like to be married.*

## IV.

Then *Strepbon*, who lov'd the dear creature before,  
 His passion avow'd—could the shepherd do more?  
 Yes he could—and he did—but what you will say?  
 Why he led her to church—and not led her astray.  
 Now friendship and love, all their pleasures prolong,  
 She sings like a wood-lark, and this is her song,  
*I'm glad to my heart that I'm married!*

## B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arno.*

## I.

**Y**E ladies who drive from the smoak of the town,  
 So whimsical, frolic and gay;  
 Ye neat country lasses, in clean linen gown,  
 As blithe and as pretty as they;  
 Here *Faunus* invites pleasure's paths to explore,  
 And *Care* on his crutches has limp'd from the door.

## II.

Here *Zephyr's* light pinions waft odours around,  
 Selected from vally and hill;  
 The God of the woodlands has hallow'd the ground,  
 And health is a tenant at will:  
 No lilly or rose in the soil need appear,  
 So freshly they bloom in the cheeks of the fair.

Here

## III.

Here *Colin*, should *Damon* his province invade,  
 Each obstacle soon may remove ;  
 The clack of the mill and the bubbling cascade,  
 Will soften the tale of his love ;  
 Thus baffling his rival, with arm round her waist,  
 The slighted becomes the dear fav'rite at last.

## IV.

How sweetly the *Muses* in harmony join,  
 To cheer the brisk lad and his lass ;  
 Now free-hearted toppers exult in their wine,  
 And kiss the sweet lips of the glass :  
 Then banish excess, which alone can destroy,  
 These innocent pleasures which BRITONS enjoy.

BALLAD.

## B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.*

## I.

**A**S *Jockey* was trudging the meadows so gay,  
 So blithe and so bonny his air!  
 He met a young lass who was going his way,  
 Her face all so clouded with care:  
 He ask'd her what made her so moaping and sad,  
 'Twas pity, if she were in pain;  
 She sigh'd, " I have lost the verriest, best lad,  
 And I never shall see him again !"

## II.

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,  
 Quoth *Jockey*, who troubles you so?  
 Or else, where on earth he can never appear,  
 Where you and I surely must go?  
 " No, he's fled," she reply'd, " with another fond she,  
 " Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,  
 " O'er the mountains he's gone with another from  
 me,  
 " And therefore I cannot be gay."

If



## III.

If that's all, quoth *Jockey*, your wailing give o'er,  
 He's a *Loon*, who is not worth your pain;  
 Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched no  
 more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain:  
 But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,  
 Whom fortune has thrown in your way,  
 I'll sooth all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,  
 Here I'm ready to do as I say.

## IV.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a  
 song,

Her face look'd no longer dispair;  
 He whisper'd of love, as they saunter'd along,  
 And she thought him a lad worth her care:  
 She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,  
 And *Jockey* perceiving her kind,  
 More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,  
 So, he drove the false *Loon* from her mind.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

## I.

WHY should we of humble state,  
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above,  
 Or accuse the will of fate,  
 Which allows us all to love?  
 Love (impartial gentle Boy)  
 Deals his gifts as free as air,  
 Love is all the shepherd's joy,  
 Love is all the damsel's care.

## II.

Hope, that charmer of the soul,  
 Hope, in love should ever live,  
 Could our years for ever roll,  
 Love would blessings ever give:  
 Youth alas! too swiftly flies,  
 Nor can *Cupid* bid him stay;  
 Beauty, like a shadow dies,  
 Love has wings and will away.

CANTATA.

## CANTATA.

*Sung by Miss Brent. Set by Dr. Arne.*

## A I R.

**W**HY *Damon*, wilt thou strive in vain,  
My firm resolves to move?  
My heart alas! may feel the pain,  
But scorns the guilt of love!

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Perfidious too like all the rest,  
Is faithless *Damon* grown!  
Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast,  
That pants for thee alone?

## A I R.

No! for a thought so meanly base,  
Ungrateful thou shalt find,  
The heart that could admire thy face,  
Can hate thee for thy mind.

DELIA.

DELIA  
A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arnes

I.

**T**HE gentle *Swan* with graceful pride,  
Her glossy plumage laves;  
And sailing down the silver tide,  
Divides the whisp'ring waves :  
The silver tide that wand'ring flows,  
Sweet to the bird must be ;  
But not so sweet blithe *Cupid* knows,  
As *Delia* is to me.

II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,  
On yonder fruit-tree sung ;  
And still the pendant nest she view'd,  
That held her callow young :  
Tho' dear to her maternal heart,  
The genial brood must be ;  
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,  
As *Delia* is to me.

The

## III.

The roses that my brow surround,  
 Were natives of the dale;  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,  
 Before their hue grew pale:  
 My vital blood would thus be froze,  
 If luckless torn from thee;  
 For what the root is to the rose,  
 My *Delia* is to me.

## IV.

Two doves I found like new fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair;  
 The birds to *Delia* I'll bestow,  
 They're like her bosom fair:  
 May they of our connubial love,  
 A happy omen be;  
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,  
 Shall *Delia* share with me.



## S O N G.

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

## I.

**T**HE *Winter* its desolate train,  
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,  
 Yet *Flora* steps forward again,  
 And nature revives in the spring:  
 Tho' the sun of his glories decreast,  
 Of his beams in the evening is shorn,  
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,  
 And repairs them again in the morn.

## II.

But what can youth's sun-shine recall,  
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?  
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,  
 It dies and is heard of no more:  
 The spring time of love then employ,  
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn;  
 For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,  
 And his seasons will never return.

SONG.

## S O N G.\*

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

## I.

**K**INGCUP, daffodil and rose,  
Shall the fairy wreath compose,  
Beauty, sweetness and delight,  
Crown our revels of the night.  
Lightly trip it o'er the green,  
Where the fairy ring is seen;  
So no step of earthly tread,  
Shall offend our lady's head.

## II.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,  
Beauty's bee may loose its sting;  
Fairy land can both combine,  
Roses with the eglantine;  
Lightly be your measures seen,  
Deftly foot it o'er the green,  
Nor a spectator's baleful head,  
Peep at our nocturnal tread,

\* From the Entertainment of the *Fairy-Tale*.

T H E

## THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

## I.

**I**N April when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
*The yellow hair'd Laddie*, would often times go,  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees  
 grow;

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning and morn:  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That *Sylvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

## II.

The shepherd thus said, " tho' young *Molly* be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
 But *Susy* is handsome, and sweetly can sing,  
 Her breath like the breeze gives perfumes to the  
 spring;

There's *Jenny* in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon is inconstant and never speaks truth;  
 But *Susy* is faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

My

## III.

My lady's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,  
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently four;  
 But *Susy*, who knows neither riches nor scorn,  
 Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn;  
 Ah! friends; how delighted, how blest should I be,  
 Wou'd my *Susy* but smile, and her parents agree:  
 What more could I wish for? My *Susy's* the whole,  
 The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul.

SONG.

## S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.*

**B**'REATHE soft ye winds, be calm ye skies,  
 Arise ye flow'ry race arise;  
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,  
 Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs.  
 The fragrant rose a beauteous guest,  
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast;  
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

## A I R.\*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Handel.*

Around the fair attending,  
 To her submissive bending;  
 Our yielding hearts confess her sway,  
 All her superior pow'r obey.

\* From the Oratorio of Israel in Babyion.



## THE SISTERS.

## A BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.

**Y**OUNG *Arabella*, mamma's care,  
And ripe to be a bride;

Had charms a monarch might ensnare,

But beauty mix'd with pride.

And still to blast that happiness,

Her pride each lover cool'd;

The number of her slaves was less,

And less the tyrant rul'd.

## II.

Her sister *Charlotte*, tho' not blest'd,

With beauty's potent spell;

The virtues of the mind possess'd,

And bore away the belle.

Knights, earls and dukes, like summer flies,

Around the maiden flew;

They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,

As men are apt to do.

## III. THE

Fond *Celadon*, addrest the fair,  
 Resolv'd no time to lose;  
 A youth with such a shape and air,  
 What female could refuse:  
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,  
 His artless flame alone,  
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,  
 The priest soon made them one.

## IV.

Poor *Arabella*, vex'd to find,  
 Her sister made a wife;  
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,  
 And praise a single life.  
 Ye virgins, *Charlotte's* plan pursue,  
 Shun *Arabella's* fate;  
 Accept the man that's worthy you,  
 Before it is too late.

SONG.

## S. OMAGI

*Sung by Miss Wright. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.*

I.

**G**AY *Laura*, who once was a blithe happy maid,  
Now seeks the sad grove, or retires to the  
shade !

By *Strepson* undone,  
She's now left alone,  
Yet loves the false swain whom her peace has betray'd.

II.

The nightingale thus, with a thorn in her breast,  
Complains when rude hands snatch her mate from  
the nest ;

Tho' sweet is the strain,  
She warbles in pain,  
The loss of her mate, is the loss of her rest.

## D I A N A.

## A C A N T A T A.

*Sung by Miss Brent. Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

**F**ROM *Latmos'* mount, whence sacred groves  
depend,

*Diana*, and her virgin train descend;

And while the buskin'd maids, with active care,

The bus'ness of the daily chace prepare:

With joy the goddess views her shining throng,

And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

A I R.

Jolly *Health* springs aloft, at the loud founding horn,

Unlock'd from soft *Slumber's* embrace;

And *Joy* sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,

That smiles on the nymphs of the chace.

The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,

No rancour disturbs our delight,

All the day with fresh *Vigour* we sweep o'er the plains,

And sleep with *Contentment* all night.

THE



## THE LAUGH.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arne.*

## I.

**S**INCE pleasures in fashion, and life but a jest,  
 In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best;  
 Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,  
 Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
 I'll keep up the chorus of *ba—ba—ba—ba.*

## II.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
 No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
 If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,  
 And foaming with rage, like a methodist preach,  
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
 I'll trip up their heels, and cry *ba—ba—ba—ba.*

To



## III.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,  
 Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
 But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
 If *Lucy*, my good-temper'd *Lucy* be there;  
 She knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
 Will join the sweet tune of love's *ba—ba—ba—ba*.

## IV.

I'll laugh thro' the world in defiance of strife,  
 For laughter's an *Oil* to the *Sallad* of life;  
 I'll make *Daddy Time*, as he passes in haste,  
 Look over his shoulder and long for a taste;  
 Then friends while your bosoms are free from a flaw,  
 Swell round the gay chorus of *ba—ba—ba—ba*.

ODE.

ODE. TO CHEARFULNESS. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, and Miss Wright.*

RECITATIVE.

COME CHEARFULNESS! triumphant fair!  
Shine thro' the painful cloud of care!

D U E T.

O sweet of language! mild of mein,  
O virtue's friend! and pleasure's queen!

D U E T.

Fair guardian of domestic life,  
Best banisher of home-bred strife.  
Nor fullen lip, nor taunting eye,  
Deform the scene when thou art by.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

No sick'ning husband blames the hour,  
That bound his joy to female pow'r;  
No pining mother weeps the cares,  
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:  
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,  
The brother rises to the friend.

D U E T.

## D U E T.

By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,  
 By thee with songs their walks resound ;  
 By thee their sprightly mornings shine,  
 And ev'ning hours in peace decline.

## C H O R U S.

Attend and grace our gen'rous toils,  
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.

O D E. TO PLEASURE. *Set by Mr. Bach.*

C H O R U S.

SILVER vested bright and gay,  
PLEASURE, keeps her holy-day.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

Smiling *Mirth*, and rosy *Joy*,  
Youthful *Love*, appearing coy,  
Join'd with *Frolick* indiscreet,  
Form her train, with dancing feet.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis *Pleasure's* voice invites,  
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See in yonder rosy bow'rs,  
Half reclin'd in beds of flow'rs,  
Such a nymph as might inspire,  
Hoary age, with soft desire.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis *Pleasure's* voice invites,  
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

H

A I R.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Round the *Table* bold and free,  
View the *Topers* full of glee ;  
Jest and laughter there abound,  
Now the merry glass goes round.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis *Pleasure's* voice invites,  
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

See the bumper sparkling bright,  
Urges on the sweet delight,  
None can sure such joys refrain,  
Which give mirth and cure each pain.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! tis *pleasure's* voice invites,  
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

ODE.



O D E. To SUMMER. *Set by Mr. Bach.*

C H O R U S.

**S**OUND the merry pipe and drum,  
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.—

*Summer* smiles in rich array,

All his happy, all is gay ;

As the chearful sun goes down,

Let sweet mirth your labours crown :

Sound the merry pipe and drum,

Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See, see around from ev'ry place,

What charms the verdant vallies grace ;

While fleecy flocks in consort rove,

And bleat their tender tales of love.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,

Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Here rosy *Mirth* and *Bacchus* gay,

Attend your smiling joys to crown,

While *Moderation* leads the way ;

Such revelry to few is known.

C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,  
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

The joys we taste to few are known,  
Content and health our labours crown;  
No jealous fears our bosoms move,  
For constant each we truly love.

## C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,  
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Here melting *Music*, love inspires,  
Here *Peace* rewards the mid-day toil;  
But far from hence are loose desires,  
Here *Innocence*, and *Virtue* smile.

## F U L L C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,  
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

*Summer* smiles in rich array,

All is happy, all is gay;

As the chearful sun goes down,

Let sweet mirth your labours crown:

Sound the merry pipe and drum,

Hither nymyhs and shepherds come.

F I N I S.

